THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor. | THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS. | $1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOLUME II. | HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1886. | NUMBER 34.

THE HERALD

Has a larger circulation in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky than any paper in the State, and merchants and others wishing to secure the trade of Eastern Kentucky, will find it THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Advertising Rates.

☞Transient advertisements, 75 cents an inch first insertion; 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 inch, 1 year...$ 5.00	4 inches, 1 year, $15.00
2 inches, 1 year, 9.00	5 inches, 1 year, 17.50
3 inches, 1 year, 12.00	6 inches, 1 year, 20.00

☞Special rates on larger advertisements; local notices 5c. a line, with 5 per cent. off for long time.

☞Marriage and death notices free; tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.

☞Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, $10; County offices, $5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

TIME TABLE

Kentucky and South Atlantic Railway,

(Standard time 22 minutes slower than Mt. Sterling time.)

No. 1 leaves Mt. Stealing at 7 A. M., arrives at Rothwell at 8.40 A. M.

No. 2 leaves Rothwell at 9 A. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 10.50 A. M.

No. 3 leaves Mt. Sterling at 1.40 P. M., arrives at Rothwell at 3.20 P. M.

No. 4 leaves Rothwell at 3.45 P. M., arrives at Mt. Sterling at 5.30 P. M.

No. 2 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. and 1.57 P. M. trains on C. & O. railway for Lexington, Cincinnati and Louisville.

No 3 connects at Mt. Sterling with 11.05 A. M. train on C. & O. from the East, and 1.36 P. M. train from Louisville and Cincinnati.

☞Montgomery county court day special leaves Rothwell on the 3rd Monday in each month at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Mt. Sterling at 9 A. M. Returning—leaves Mt. Sterling at 3 P. M., arriving at Rothwell at 4.30 P. M. Leaves Rothwell for Mt. Sterling at 5 P. M.

GEO. B. HARPER, Supt.

LOCAL NEWS.

William Vincel and Carmack Elswick, of Campton, were in town Saturday.

Jack Wood and Lee Patrick have gone to Harrison county on a protracted visit.

C. A. Turner, of Mt. Sterling, was in town Friday night, a guest of the Pieratt House.

Miss Loucinda Kash, of Frenchburg, is visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Aunt Julia Little, of this place, left last Friday for Missouri. We wish her a safe journey.

From good information there is at least 10,000 partridges within a radius of five miles of Hazel Green.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt one day last week brought us a twig containing five well grown apples—the second crop.

The candidates for Congress, Hon. W. P. Taulbee and Hon. Wm. L. Hurst will speak at Campton next Friday.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt will hereafter preach at Old Grassy on the third Sunday instead of the second, as heretofore.

Hon. D. S. Godsey left for Mt. Sterling on Sunday last to attend court at that place on Monday. He has a lot of fine cattle there.

The Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer and THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD one year for $2 is what we are offering just now. Subscribe at once.

Steve Brown, of our county, who has been to Louisville lately, reports that there 500 prisoners in jail there, charged with offenses against the revenue laws.

Hon. Tom Stuart, of Winchester, will give a fine silk banner to the county in this Congressional District which shows the largest per cent. of Democratic gain.

Since our last issue Geo. Rice has sold six dozen of the window locks we mentioned in last week's issue, which shows conclusively that advertising pays, and pays big.

The sick of our town, this week, are as follows: Enith and the baby at Mr. and Mrs. Lusk's; Lulie at Mr. and Mrs. Evans'; Mrs. Cockerham at Mr. and Mrs. Tyler's.

Mrs. Evaline McGuire, of Lewellen, Lee county, mother of Fletcher McGuire, of our town, and her daughter, Miss Ellen, are visiting relatives and friends in this place.

Joe C. Lykins, of Campton, left Monday for Louisville, to attend the Masonic Grand Lodge, which met in that city yesterday. He went as the representative of Cox Lodge No. 464, located at Campton.

Several of the boys of our town went hunting one night last week and caught thirteen fine, fat and fair opossums. 'Possum and sweet potatoes, in consequence, is a dish of no rarity in this town.

A postal card from N. B. Hays says he is located at Witchita, Kansas, and well pleased with the outlook. He has ordered THE HERALD sent to him at that place and thinks the regular receipt of it will make all serene.

DURHAM, IOWA, March 2, 1882.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, after being troubled with the disease for eight years.

M. W. MOORE.

Hon. W. P. Taulbee and Hon. Wm. L. Hurst addressed the people at Mt. Sterling Monday, and at Winchester Tuesday. Tomorrow they speak at Frenchburg, and on Friday will address the citizens of this county at Campton.

Alex. Hatfield, who lives near Daysborough is reported very ill with fever, and Hollis Gibbs, who is our informant, says that fever and flux are raging on the head of Red River. There has never before been so much sickness in that neighborhood.

Be sure to read the advertisement of Day Bros., Frozen Creek, and if you want to save money give them a call. They are now receiving the finest lot of goods ever taken to Breathitt county, and propose to sell them for cash lower than goods were ever before sold in Breathitt county.

Isaac Ingram's funeral was preached last Sunday by Revs. D. G. Combs and J. T. Pieratt, after which dinner was served on the ground. In the afternoon religious services were conducted by both ministers, with one addition by baptism. A large congregation and good order.

At the Annual Meeting at Campton, the delegates in attendance employed Rev. J. T. Pieratt, of this place, to do evangelistic work in the mountains, provided the money can be raised to defray his expenses. Our "village blacksmith" will make a good evangelist, and will certainly do much towards improving the moral status of the people. He can hit 'em some sledge-hammer blows for His Master's cause, and is sure to do so every time he gets a welding heat.

Our Stock Sale Last Wednesday.

The stock sale at this place on last Wednesday was a decided success, and the quantity and quality of stock offered and sold was a suprise to even our most sanguine supporters. It being a busy season with the farmers, people generally believed but few would attend and that there would be but little stock sold. In this they were agreeably disappointed, as the following list of stock sold and prices realized will demonstrate. The total sales will be found to amount to $936.90, which, considering everything is very encouraging. The establishing of the sales here has always been a success, and people are now more than ever, convinced that Hazel Geeen is the place to sell stock.

Geo. Bishop to G. B. Swango, 1 calf	$ 12 00
J. Rose to W. Swango, 2 heifers	25 00
Wm. Gillmore to Lee Caskey, 1 cow,	11 25
J. F. Russell to Ike Rose, 2 heifers	23 80
D. H. Fallien to H. F. Pieratt, 1 cow,	16 60
J. Rose to B. D. Rose, 2 mule colts	82 00
A. Nickell to J. M. Rose, 2 cattle	50 00
E. Childers to Jas. Clark, 1 horse	95 00
B. D. Rose to G. W. Carson, 2 mules,	82 25
H. Wilson to H. F. Pieratt, 1 heifer	10 00
E. Buchanan to W. Swango, 4 cattle,	48 00
A. J. Wood to W. Swango, 6 2-y-olds,	84 00
A. Nickell to W. Swango, 2 steers	51 00
W. T. Ingram to W. Swango, 1 heifer,	15 25
J. Davis to F. Hensley, 4 steers	120 00
G. Bishop to W. O. Mize, 1 mule	75 00
G. Bishop to G. B. Swango, 1 mule	50 00
W. O. Mize to M. Little, 1 3-y-o mule,	70 00
Bud Lacy to G. B. Swango, 1 heifer	8 25
Total amount of sales	$936 90

A Birth Day Party.

Last Thursday was Mrs. G. B. Swango's birth-day, and she gave a supper on that occasion to celebrate the event, to which she invited several of her friends. The table was laden with all the good things to be found in a land of plenty, and the guests were made to feel at ease and at home by host and hostess. One course after another was served, and the guests united in the opinion that it was a feast fit for the gods. Notable among the table attendants were Misses Ellen McGuire of Beattyville, and Ava Higgenbotham, the latter a niece of Mrs. Swango's from Virginia. She was especially attractive in her manners and her attention to the guests at table. Mrs. Swango was forty years of age on that day, and every one there wished she might live to be a hundred and celebrate each birth-day in the same way. Below we give the names of those present, together with their respective ages, as near as we could ascertain, and if any name has been omitted it was on account of THE HERALD man's attention to 'possum and potatoes: Mrs. Louisa Cox 83, Mrs. Caroline Swango 69, Mrs. Bettie Johnson 66, Mrs. Sally Trimble 65, Mrs. Nancy Trimble 61, Mrs. Emily Lacy 59, Mrs. Mary Greenwade, Mrs. Lou McGuire, Mrs. Dr. Kash, Mrs. J. H. Pieratt, Mrs. W. H. Wilson, Mrs. Taylor Whaley, Mrs. W. T. Swango, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Adams, Misses Ava Higgenbotham and Ellen McGuire, F. McGuire, H. C. Swango, and Spencer Cooper, th eatter "sweet sixteen"—and more.

A Good Man, and Likely to Get There,-Eli.

Editor HAZEL GREEN HERALD:—Dear Sir: As there is no one prominently before the people as a candidate for State Senator from this district, I would respectfully suggest to the readers of your paper a suitable man for the position. I refer to Nathan B. Day, of Breathitt county. No man in the mountains is more closely identified with the business interests of this section than Mr. Day. He is an extensive and successful farmer, and the firm of Day Bros., of which he is the senior member, probably runs more timber than any other on the North Fork. I understand he took a very active part in securing the passage of a bill through the last Legislature making it a felony to steal logs on the Kentucky River. He has shown himself to be a friend to the free school system by the efforts he has made to build up a good school in his own district. He would make a faithful and consciencious Senator, and would not seek to prolong the session, as his time devoted to his business at home is worth more than five dollars per day. In conclusion, he has hosts of friends who would take pleasure in casting their votes for him.

ELI.

Just what every lady wants. A Magazine that combines the essentials of all otners, and Demorest's Monthly certainly fills the bill. The November number of this popular progressive Magazine is at hand, and a fine number it is, containing a beautiful oil picture, "The Music Lessons," besides fifty other illustrations. Its literary departments are instructive as well as amusing, and its fashion departments is just what is wanted in these hard times, as each number contains an order entitleing the purchaser to select a pattern of any design in that number and of any size, thus saving the purchaser of a single number about thirty cents, and a saving of over $3 to yearly subscribers. Our lady readers who wish to economize will appreciate this, for while they get the finest literary Magazine in the world at only $2 per year, they also get all the patterns they wish to use (free), from the recognized fountain-head of fashions.

Miss Mary Linkous, whose illness was mentioned in these columns last week, died at dusk last Saturday evening, at the residence of her brother M. F. Linkous, on Laurel. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wallace, of this place, the latter being her sister, were in attendance at her bedside when death claimed her for his own. She was perfectly resigned and held an abiding faith in Him who said, "Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Loving hands ministered to her in her last moments, and sorrowing friends and relatives should find comfort in the thought that He doeth all things for the best. She was buried on Sunday at the family burying ground on Mr. Linkous' place, where the remains of her father were deposited some three years' since.

Sheriff Dennis of Morgan county last Saturday started with two prisoners, one for the penitentiary, sentenced at the recent term of the Morgan Circuit Court, and the other for incarceration in the jail at Mt. Sterling. He stopped at his home at Ezel, and while there, the prisioners succeeded in freeing themselves of the hand-cuffs and made a break for liberty. Sheriff Dennis fired at one and accidently shot himself through the wrist. The jail prisoner made his escape, but the penitentiay bird was captured. Dennis' wound is very painful but not considered dangerous.

Lacy Creek comes to the front again with a curiosity of corn. On last Wednesday John S. Harper, living on that creek, brought to this office a stalk of corn which is like an ordinary stalk to the seventh joint, where it branches into two and each one contains one well-developed ear. Uncle Jimmie Harper, however, a short time since brought us the most perfect species of the twin family we have seen. It is a twin cymbling, as perfect as a sculptor could carve it.

The Powell County Journal has ceased to exist, and the office has been moved to Osborne City, Kansas, where Mr. Knowlton will publish the Osborne Journal. If the people of Powell want a first-class home paper that gives more mountain news than any paper in Eastern Kentucky, at only $1 a year, they should at once subscribe for THE HERALD.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt will preach at Sand Field next Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and at Valentine Pieratt's Saturday night. On Sunday morning, at the same place, he and Rev. D. G. Combs will preach the funeral of Emma Nickell. Sunday afternoon, at the same place, he will deliver a sermon,

We present a new front to our readers this week, and hope it may meet the approval of all. On the second and third pages will be found some entertaining, instructive and interesting reading. Read every line of the paper every week and you will find at the end of the year that you have received more than your money's worth.

It is claimed that a heavy shuck on corn is a sure indication of a hard winter, and also that when hornets build their nests on the ground preparations may be made to keep up big fires. Farmers report that they never saw corn husks any thicker nor so many hornets' nests built upon the ground. Look out for extreme cold weather.

Squire Sebastian, of Breathitt, who was here last Saturday says the Court of Claims of that county on last Tuesday decided to build a temporary court house 24x50 feet for present use, and that they propose sometime next year to build a modern brick one, to be finer than any court house in the mountains.

Judge Levi Kash and J. T. Oakley, who live near Hazel Green, are building a tannery, and propose to run a tannery, a shoe shop, and a saddle and harness manufactory. Their enterprise is deserving of encouragement, and our citizens should give them their assistance in making it a success.

Albert Fitts, of Lexington, who has for sometime been engaged in the walnut lumber business here, on last Saturday sold to Robt. N. and John D. Rose, Jr., of Lacy Creek, two log wagons and six yoke of oxen for $760, to be paid in walnut lumber delivered at Rothwell Station.

Bill Lusk lost his case in the U. S. Court at Cincinnati, but consoles himself with the fact that he made a speech to a jury in that court, and thinks something of taking out license to practice there regularly.

CORRESPONDENCE

WOLFE COUNTY.

CAMPTON, Oct. 15.—Your correspondent had the pleasure of being at a reunion of his Grandfather Rose's family, at W. J. Rose's on the Trace Fork of Stillwater, on the 10th inst. There were eleven children born to him, (David Rose, Sr.) of whom there are ten living. Eight of these dined at W. J. Rose's, at the reunion. The eldest and the youngest diued together, the oldest being seventy-three years old and the youngest fifty-one years old. This was a rare scene, and I never expect to witness the like again.

Coonrod Cable, of this place, was taken to the Federal Court at Louisville for violation of the revenue laws, and I learn that he was acquitted. This is the fifteenth time he has been before that court for the same offense, and has never yet been convicted. He is too sly a Coon to be caught.

Geo. E. Whitt, of Elliott county, was in this place on the 11th inst., representing Henry Knœfel, manufacturer of blank books, Louisville, Ky., and left on the 12th for Beattyville and Jackson. May success attend the efforts of George in all his undertakings.

C. C. Hanks of this place will take advantage of the Kansas excursion, under the management of C. F. Knowlton, late of the Powell County Journal, and visit his brother, Wm. Hanks, of Bates county, Mo.

Hiram Hogg, Deputy U. S. Collector for the Eighth District of Kentucky, was in town this morning, and left in company with Harvey N. Horton for Big Jim Spencer's or Joe's stillhouse.

The carding machine at this place has stopped running for this season, but will resume operations early next spring. As far as we can learn, general satisfaction has been given.

Robert Byrd, the young man of this place who was thrown from a mule above Frenchburg and so badly injured, is now at home and able to be about.

W. G. W. Cruey was in town yesterday. He says that he has completed the assessment of three districts and is now working on the fourth one.

Rev. A. P. Jones, of the M. E. Church South, preached an excellent sermon on the night of the 10th inst. Subject—Christian Courage.

Miss Arzelia Rose, of Stillwater, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. David Hogg and Mrs. W. F. Elkins, of this place.

Billy Pack and wife, of Montgomery county, are visiting his wife's relatives at this place.

John Tolson and Joe Williams have gone to Johnson county horse-swapping.

SPRADLING, Oct. 16.—Misses Belle and Rosaline Tutt, who have been very sick for six or eight weeks, are convalescing under the treatment of Dr. J. H. Stamper and Dr. Lockhart Leidick, of Harrison county.

The funeral of Uncle John Byrd will be preached at the residence of A. C. Byrd on the fourth Sunday in October by Rev. W. G. Robinson, of Nicholas county, Sam Chandler and Bro. John Wilson.

Chas. H. Gosney and son James will return here on the 18th from Campbell county, where they have been visiting friends and relatives for the past month.

Born—To the wife of John Tutt, a few days since, a fine boy. His name is Luther, and John is happy.

David Lawson bought two fine calves of Bud Lawson yesterday for $25, and two hogs for $8.

There is a fine crop of chestnuts. Apples are rotting, and there will not be enough for winter use.

Thos. M. Tutt is moving to Campton, and will ride as deputy for Sheriff Center.

Alex Edwards, of Daysborough, is repairing H. D. Spradling & Son's mill.

MAGOFFIN COUNTY.

GYPSY, Oct. 14.—Stephen Richardson of Middle Creek was shot by Dial Hoskins on Sunday, the 3rd inst., with a double barreled shot gun, inflicting a very serious wound, but at this writing is improving.

Mr. Hensley, of Wolfe county, bought of Calvin Salyer one yoke of oxen at $70, and John Howard bought of George Rose one gray filly at $35.

Linden Allen of this place is now at Catlettsburg, en route home from Texas, where he has been for some time. He is reported sick.

Charley Joseph, of Granger, Williamson county, Texas, arrived in this vicinity on Thursday, the 7th inst.

John B. Wireman, on Trace, is very ill with flux.

Riley Proten's family is sick; supposed to be flux.

The Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The ingenuity of man, in all ages, has been taxed to devise new and improved methods for extracting and appropriating whatever joys and comforts there are in life. One of the most practical and useful, as well as the latest achievement in the direction of securing or promoting the comforts of home—that place so dear to every one—is a Wrought Iron Cooking Range, happily named "Home Comfort," designed and manufactured exclusively by the Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Mo. The great novelty of this Range consists in its adaptability to the wants of all classes, its economy in the use of fuel, ease of management, and beauty of design. No home should be without one.

REFERENCE—John H. Pieratt, Harrison Swango, John Howerton, R. M. Wilson, S. H. Wilson, David Rose, Elisha Chambers, Wm. Clark, Col. L. M. Day, John Center, Campbell Byrd and others. o204.

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DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

IT is Invigorating and Delightful to take, and of great value as a Medicine for weak and Ailing Women and Children.

IT gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.

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CONTAINS no hurtful Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Vegetable Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.

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Any one day	25	65	1 25	2 00
Sunday Issue	25	65	1 25	2 00

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IS WARRANTED to cure Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Billous Fever, Dengue (or "Break-bone" Fever), Liver Complaint, and all diseases arising from Malarial poisons.

"Harpers, S. C., July 9, 1884. "For eighteen months I suffered with Chills and Fever, having Chills every other day. After trying various remedies recommended to cure, I used a bottle of Ayer's Ague Cure, and have never since had a chill. EDWIN HARPER."

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ISAAC W. MAPEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, HAZEL GREEN, KY., Will practice in all the Courts of Wolfe, Powell, Menifee and Breathitt counties. Titles examined; abstracts furnished; taxes paid for non-residents; real estate bought and sold. Collections a specialty.

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REPAIRING! AT MY SHOP, At Ezel, Ky., in the best style. I am now prepared to do all kinds of repairing on Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, and optical goods. Bring me your work and it will be neatly and promptly repaired at reasonable prices. Hoping by honest work and fair prices to merit your patronage, I remain, Yours truly, T. F. CARR.

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The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.

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A Medicine That Cures All Diseases, Generally Cures—None.

Drastic Medicines that are so violent in their action as to render one unfit for labor, should be avoided—but a Doctor's bill can be saved very often by common prudence. If any fair-minded-person will use

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Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. **MAKE HENS LAY** Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 2 1-4 lb. air-tight tin cans, $1; by mail, $1.20. Six cans by express, prepaid, for $5.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston.

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Pieratt's Livery & Feed Stable, HAZEL GREEN, KY. HENRY F. PIERATT, Proprietor.

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For Hire at all times and on the most reasonable terms. Satisfaction will be given at all times, and those wishing to hire a HORSE and BUGGY, or a SADDLE HORSE, will find it to their interest to consult me. HORSES BOARDED by the single meal, day week or month. ☞When you visit Hazel Green put your horse up with me and you will have it well cared for. ☞When you want to hire, you can hire from me for an hour, half-day, day or week, or longer.

☞PARTIES COMVEYED TO ANY POINT IN EASTERN KENTUCKY ON REASONABLE TERMS. Give me a call when you need anything in my line. Very respectfully, &c., H. F. PIERATT.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE ESTABLISHED 1827. [illegible fine print]

J. E. SCHWARTZ & CO., SUCCESSORS TO B. A. Fahnestock's Son & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., Sole Proprietors.

G. B. SWANCO

—: DEALER IN :—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Tinware, Hardware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Groceries, Stoves, and Farming Implements.

In fact, everything usually kept in a first-class country store, and at BOTTOM PRICES. Also, will take in exchange for Goods, or in payment of any debt due me, all kinds of Country Produce and Live Stock of every description.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Proprietor.

HAZEL GREEN . . . KENTUCKY.

MY LOVE AND I.

I watched the vessel from the shore,
Which from my treasure bore,
Until my tear-dimmed eye
No longer could its pennant trace
Or mark the increasing space
Between me and I.

Then to my lone and silent hearth,
Where silence to no sound of mirth,
Came my steps again,
Save still 'cross the stormy sea
My first glad thought came to me,
Welcome as summer's rain.

And months go by—I watch and dream,
For hope has flowered with brightest gleam,
Upon my weak arms again infold
My treasure as in days of old,
And I no joy shall miss.

* * * * * * *

I watch no more for whitening sails
Or the crowds' eager questioning
To bring the wand'rer home.
Across the heaving waves I see
That bore my love away from me,
No more with storm-wrung foam.

I dream no more with lashes wet,
Or paths that his path beset,
For now my very feet,
By Time and Space no longer chained,
Fair Paradise's heights serene have gained,
And walk the golden street.

Oh Beulah land, that lies so far
Beyond the ken of world or star,
And safe 'mid storms and woe,
Where my beloved doth abide;
And yet how often to my side
He comes, my soul to cheer.

Not ocean depths, or trackless plain
Can bar those fervent spirits fain,
Neither can mountains high,
Death, like an airy dart, can fly bright,
With magic touch, did but unite
Once more our love and I.

—Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, in Good Housekeeping.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

An Old Soldier's War Experience With Them.

We all know that sailors believe in omens, and shape their lives as far as possible so as to get the benefit of good ones and escape the bad, but I never knew that soldiers were equally superstitious that is I never knew it till two or three winters ago, when I was snowed in at a little town in Iowa called Storm Prairie. The adventure may not be worth mentioning, except as evidence that the human mind is swedby strange coincidences, and that soldiers believe in signs and portents just as sailors do. Storm Prairie is well named. It lies in the center of the blizzard region. When I got up that morning, and looked out of the tavern window, I saw that the storm on the prairie was raving mad. You could actually see the wind, or rather each blast, where eight or ten of them together, racing, wrestling, jumping and dancing over the prairie in supernatural revelry. You could literally see them take hold of one another and waltz. The music, mostly in a weird and plaintive minor key, was furnished by an aeolian harp of a million strings—the leafless branches of timber that fringed the Des Moines river in the distance. The staccato emphasis made by the jostling of the winds against each other was like the firing of guns. I never attended such an exciting concert and ball as that, neither is fore nor since.

Naturalists maintain that only pigs can see the wind, but people who have traveled through Iowa and Nebraska in the blizzard season will tell you that men can see it just as well as pigs. When the mercury gets down to about thirty-six below, and it is snowing and raging, you can see the wind plainer than at any other time. The storm I speak of has become historic among traveling men.

I am a traveling man myself. I whirl around this globe for a Chicago house, and that is how I was corralled at Storm Prairie by this memorable blizzard. It was on my regular voyage, outward bound. After a hearty breakfast, good bran, fresh reliable butter and sure-enough cream, I went over to the railroad station to get the latitude and longitude, and to take an observation. The station agent, who was also the telegraph operator, told me that the storm was general throughout the Northwest, and that all railroad travel was indefinitely postponed. The hospitality of our craft is th's: When it blows to let it blow, and when it snows to let it snow. The telegraph key would be of no use, sending home what few orders I had and the information that I was snowed in at Storm Prairie. I went back to the tavern to look after my inalienable right to life, liberty and the "pursuit of happ ness."

When I got back I found half-a-dozen fellow-citizens already in possession of the available assets of the bar-room stove. It was a big stove, red-hot in places, and those red spots served as targets for the citizens to spit at as they smoked their pipes and compared this blizzard with the blizzard of '76, or '72, or '69, or whenever it was, while one white-bearded patriarch sneered contemptuously at them all. They were mere samples, he said, compared with the blizzard of 1856, "when we had to chop whis y with a hatchet, same as ice."

The whole front of the stove was preempted by this old veteran, who, he might be sixty-two years old, or thereabouts. He was a large, ruddy, and very solid man, with a fearless face and a clear eye. He said he was "old enough" and "right smart." He also "reckoned" and "allowed." They called him Major, which I thought was one of those honorary t tles so generously bestowed in the Western country, but in that suspicion I was wrong, for the old man had actually been a Major in the army during the war. He embraced the red-hot stove with h s legs in a very affectionate way, and they extended quite a distance down the right and left sides of it. He was the richest man in the country, as I afterward learned, having taken up a claim in the early day, which was now a big stock farm, a splendid grove of timber, a water-power, a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and town property. He was also president of the First National bank of Storm Prairie.

The Major's name was Joseph Mee. According to his own autobiography, revised and corrected, he was born and raised in Indyanny, in what he called the rural d strict. Schools were few, and the school term short in the district when he was a boy. The only desirable thing that the major lacked was "edjication."

A little a very little reading and writing was all the "larnin'" that ever fell to Joe. Sensitive on this point, he used to offset the disadvantage as well as he could by pretending to possess natural qualities of a high order, such as hard sense, physical strength, wrestling power, great memory, skill with the rifle, or the axe, or the spelling. He was a blacksmith by trade, and because he could shoe horses he pretended to know all about horse constitution and anatomy. He could cure all the ills that horsefleshis be r to. In short he pretended to excel in all the accomplishments valuable on the "frontier."

From the very beginning Joe Mee had balanced his want of education by a claim to solid dry prowess and skill. He always asserted that there was a military strain running through his family for generations back; and though he preferred no proof of it, his claim was always allowed. Whenever the Indians were troublesome and the settlers would organize a company to defend the settlement Joe was always chosen Captain. His great stature and his rifle talent, no doubt, had much to do with the choice, but his military claims had weight in the selection. "I've no difficulty, boys," he used to say, "but what when it comes to military duty, Joe is thar." As he always made his boast good, and always drove the Indians back to the reservation, why, Captain he always was. It is not surprising, then, that when the young men "all along the creek" enlisted in the Blue Mee was elected captain of that company.

They were all smoking pipes when I went in, and wishing to make myself sociable with every body, as much custom is in our profession, I held out a handful of cigars and said: "Would any gentlemen jo'n me in smoking a good cigar?"

They all would, with pleasure, and they did—all except the Major. He said: "Thanks, young man. I prefer the pipe to-day."

It was a meerschaum pipe of curious workmanship. The butt of it was carved so as to represent the eagle's claw, which grasped the bowl. It had a silver lid on which was engraved a soldier in knapsack, saving the American flag. This patriotic pipe was a dark black with service, especially the eagle's claw.

"I prefer the p pe to-day."

As the Major repeated his refusal he blew three strong clouds of smoke into the air, one from each nostril and the other from his mouth. It was that long practice he had acquired peculiar skill in twisting his lips and modulating his breath so as to make the smoke take the shape of rings, flights of stairs, flocks of sheep, and other curious formations.

"You prefer something stronger flavored than a mild cigar," said I, for it was easy to see from the age and color of the pipe that the taste of it must be very pungent indeed.

"Not that," said the Major; "old memories."

"Had it for a long time, I suppose," said I, in an interrogative way, for I suspected the pipe had a history.

"Yes, this pipe was given to me at St. Louis a well-made pipe. It is the fall of '61, after the Missouri campaign. It was a present from Peaceful Miller, that used to live up yander at Masonic Grove—a fine, big, handsome man that walked all the way down from thar to jine my company. He was good stock, from Round Hickory, dew through to the heart of the tree. He was a young man of eighteen, a sergeant, and by the time we got to Benton barracks Peaceful was First Lieutenant of the company. His eyes front name on the muster-roll was Pacificus, an onnateral name given him by his parents as a punishment for a crime that I never knew. To-night a he got mad. But the boys all called him Peaceful for short. No fight was in him, and no more will and for him, I believe that Peaceful would have dropped dead on the road afore he'd a got into a wagon. He was killed in the smoke of Shiloh, a remarkable coincidence we lost McPherson. They was two very onlucky shots that killed them two men that day, for, m nd you, Peaceful Miller was as heavy a loss to our regiment as McPherson was to the Army of the Tennessee.

"Peaceful always knew that he was to be killed, and that I wasn't. When he gave me the pipe, he says: 'Capta'n, I want you to smoke this pipe for luck all through the war, and I want you to smoke it in your old age in remembrance of me. I pretended not to notice it, but I saw an omen and a prophecy in those words as plain as I could see the pipe."

"Only a fancy, Major," I said.

"There was nothing reliable in those words. I don't see any connection between them and the event—no evidence of any premon tion."

"You mean the omen?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose I was twice as old a man as he was, what would you say to that? Wouldn't it be curious talk then?

"No; I don't see that that makes any difference."

"I do. I never had much book larnin', but I can hear voices in the air as well as the schoolmaster himself. My own opinion is that it was the fates that spoke, and Peaceful Miller was only the medium of news from destiny to men; same as the prophets were. God speaks through his prophets to-day just as He ever did. I believe too, that the very same fates made that pipe a charm for me, and that red spot served as targets for the citizens to spit at as they smoked their pipes and compared this blizzard with the blizzard of '76, or '72, or '69, or whenever it was, while one white-bearded patriarch sneered contemptuously at them all. They were mere samples, he said, compared with the blizzard of 1856, 'when we had to chop whis y with a hatchet, same as ice.'"

"Why, Major, I thought you were a Methodist," said I, interrupting the current of those honorary t tles so generously bestowed in the Western country; but in that suspicion I was wrong, for the old man had actually been a Major in the army during the war. He embraced the red-hot stove with h s legs in a very affectionate way, and they extended quite a distance down the right and left sides of it. He was the richest man in the country, as I afterward learned, having taken up a claim in the early day, which was now a big stock farm, a splendid grove of timber, a water-power, a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and town property. He was also president of the First National bank of Storm Prairie.

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At this point the old man took a long pull at the pipe, and from that one whiff he fired six cannon-shots from his lips, turning the explosions in such a way that he made six white rings of smoke, which he watched critically as they curled up to the ceiling, and finally received themselves into other shapes visible only to him.

I thought there was more to it, and, after waiting a reasonable length of time for him to begin again, I ventured to prick him with another interrogation point. "You said you preferred the pipe *to-day*. Don't you smoke it every day?"

"No. Only on battle anniversaries and the Fourth of July. In the rest of the year it sleeps in the bureau wrapped in velvet."

"If you smoke it on the anniversary of all the battles you must keep it pretty busy."

"I don't; only the battles I was in. I have an almanac at home that never fails to remind me of the days. It has My wife remembers them all. She's the best almanac that I know of, and she never makes a mistake.

"What battle-day is this?"

"Well, I reckon I should ha' forgot it myself if it hadn't been for the almanac. I had hardly got through breakfast this morning when I saw her step over to the bureau and bring out the eagle's claw, Joseph,' she said, 'do you know what day this is?' I thought it over for a minute, and then I says: 'Yes, I do: this is St. Donelson's day.' 'Good scholar, Joseph,' she says; 'good scholar.' Then she fills the pipe with her own hands, and claims the privilege of lighting the match and firing off the gun, as she called it. Which pipe I loved the old almanac, and sat down to have the panorama."

"What panoram'?"

"The panoram' of the Fort Donelson fight. I can see it in the smoke from this magic pipe. You don't see it, I reckon. Sit here and you might as well look at the clouds between us and the window. Do you see the fort over that, with the rebel flag on the top of it?"

"No."

"Well, I allow you can see that stretch of timber whar the river winds along?"

"No."

"Nor them ramparts, almost hid in the smoke from the heavy guns? Nor the charge of our brigade up the hill over that upon the fort? Nor the colonel's sword flashing all around? Nor Peaceful Miller a-choking of Ben Robert because he wanted to fall back? That tall, straight, white-haired man over that is the boy horse is General Charles F. Smith. You can see him?"

"No, I can see nothing."

"Well, I can see it all as plain as I saw it then."

The old warrior fired six more cannon shots from his mouth and watched the white rings as before. When they had broken up into chaos, he held the pipe out at arm's length before his eye, and gazed upon it fondly as men sometimes gaze on a glass of wine. Then in a plaintive tone he said:

"I went all through the war with me, and done its duty well. It's on the retired list now, but comes out occasionally for dress parade. To-night it goes back into the eagle's claw for the 6th of April, which I call St. Shiloh's day."

"And there again," he broke out vehemently, as if suddenly recollecting something, "and there again, if you don't believe in omens, what do you make of this? Here is a remarkable coffin with a live man's name on it!"

"I don't make any thing of it. What omen is there in that?"

"Listen, while I tell you about a miraculous warning that came from the other shore. You've heard of Shiloh? Its corner of orchard and watered, wounded in that battle by double shots that hit me in the shoulder and the head. It was just before our boys were driven back toward the river, that I performed that 'last line' you've read about. I should have been gobbled right then, pipe and all, but for Peaceful Miller and Dan McGinnis. Them two boys dragged me plum out of the enemy's hands, and set me against a tree, whar I rested myself awhile, and granted his wish that I should smoke it in old age. Provided, mind you, provided, that I didn't lose it. If I lost the charm was gone, and I was just as liable to be killed as anybody, wasn't I? The gift of the pipe from a man already marked for death was the good omen that saved me, wasn't it?"

The old man had grown more and more animated as he spoke. He had risen from his chair, which I thought was out of respect to the unseen world, the gift of the pipe, which I thought was one of those honorary t tles so generously bestowed in the Western country; but in that suspicion I was wrong, for the old man had actually been a Major in the army during the war. He embraced the red-hot stove with h s legs in a very affectionate way, and they extended quite a distance down the right and left sides of it. He was the richest man in the country, as I afterward learned, having taken up a claim in the early day, which was now a big stock farm, a splendid grove of timber, a water-power, a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and town property. He was also president of the First National bank of Storm Prairie.

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NEW ILLUMINANT.

The Wonderful Light-Giving Powers of the Metal Magnesium.

"Do you know," said a chemist to a reporter, "that the metal magnesium is being introduced into the United States as an illuminant as a substitute for all other lights?" The listener disclaimed any knowledge on the subject.

"Its successful introduction," continued the speaker, "will depend altogether upon the cost of its production, nothing but its high cost preventing its practical use. A few years ago it was sold at forty dollars a pound. Now, by a new process, German, it can be sold at eight dollars a pound, and there is little doubt that before long it will be produced even more cheaply."

Here the chemist took out a shining piece of what looked like a strip of watch-spring, which he ignited. As it burned it produced a powerfully brilliant light, more intense even than electricity.

"Its use will not be attended with danger like electricity, and it can be carried about in a pocket the country church or dancing hall can have it, as well as the dwellers in the great cities. It can be placed in a lamp, arranged with clock-work movement, and fed a ribbon of the metal regularly. It has a white vapor, oxide of magnesium, given off as the metal is burning, which will require a smoke-bell when burned in-doors."

The chemist ignited another piece of the vanishing, which glowed like the sun itself.

"It is said," he continued, "that a magnesium lamp of one thousand candle power threw enough light to distinguish a vessel nine miles distant. A wire the size of this equals the light of twenty candles of the same size. But I would make the cost of magnesium little more than gas, while no expensive works or street mains are required for its use, making its introduction for lighting towns and villages a very simple matter indeed.

"I predict that within five years the magnesium light will be as familiar a sight in many places in Indiana as the electric light is to-day in Indianapolis."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FARM ANIMALS.

A Sensible Plea in Favor of the "General-Purpose" Cow.

I am not able to agree with much that is being written and published in favor of the position that it is absurd and ridiculous to attempt to breed any class of animals for more than one purpose. Especial argument, ridicule and sarcasm have been directed against efforts to secure a good degree of merit as beef-makers and milk-givers in any breed of cows. None the less do I believe that it is feasible and practicable to secure this result; that for a large percentage of the United States cows of th's class—"general-purpose" cows, if you please—would be found profitable and in a second with experience this these functions should be well developed in the same animal. It is unusual to find both developed to a remarkable degree. In regard to these qualities, as well as to many others, the breeder may make his choice between efforts to secure remarkable excellence in one point or a fair degree of merit in two or more. It is clearly true that in many cases the latter effort is the wiser.

Urging all breeders to select some one point, and seek to develop that to the highest degree possible, I do not see is a demand for animals so developed—for horses with special fitness for heavy draught, or for fast trotting; for cattle especially fitted for beef or for milk; for sheep remarkably developed in the way of either mutt n or wool production; but the largest number of users of either class desire animals reasonably well adapted for more than one purpose. The horse best suited to the needs of farmers generally, or for most business purposes, is neither a heavy draught nor a typical roadster, and so of the other classes of animals, even to the hog, in breeding which too exclusive attention may be given to early maturity or to ability to lay on fat.

Aside from the farmers who keep cattle with almost sole reference to beef-making, and the dairymen who breed, as is a vast number who know what they are about when they insist on having cattle sat sfactory, both as meat makers and milk givers, I suppositionally its merit in this double capacity has been a great cause of the widespread popularity of the short-horns both in Great Britain and in this country. It is amazing that men will continue to deny or ignore the fact that there are many thousands of purpose-fur higher-class short-horn cows which are in a sat sfactory degree, what it is denied there can possibly be, good general-purpose cows. There are many short-horn bulls that are not good milkers, many that are not good beef animals, and many that are both. The same is true of the herds of cattle of a number of other breeds. On the University Farm there is abundant proof of this fact as to short-horns. Of the Hereford cows one is a good milker, the other not; a half-blood is well above the average. There is a half-blood Holstein cow, weighing about 1,650 pounds at 28 months, and a beef animal of superior qual ty; a pure Ayrshire steer quite satisfactory in beef merit.

I recognize fully the marked differences in the adaptations of different breeds, and the possible profits from keeping to the same breed, but dissent from the position that it is impracticable or always unwise to secure development in more than one point in one breed or one animal.—*Prof. E. G. Morrow, in Rural New Yorker.*

A Pernicious Practice.

The common practice of leaving a brood row of weeds along the fences of the meadow is not to be recommended on the contrary, it is to be most strongly reprobated as being wasteful, unsightly and disgraceful. A clean meadow is a pleasing sight to see, and one that makes a farm attractive. A neat farmer has his fields bordered by a broad band of grass, upon which the teams turn when plowing, and which is mown for hay, and regularly dressed with manure when the other part of the field is. This is turning land to good use that would otherwise be wasted, and is a most convenient practice. It gives a passage for the horses and reaper and keeps the farm free from weeds, besides affording two or three cuttings of hay every year.—*N. Y. Times.*

—When a man wants to find fault he will do so if he has to spend all his time looking for it.—*New Haven News.*

HOW HAIR GROWS.

Its Color Depending on the Amount of Air Contained in the Hair-Shaft.

At birth, almost the entire surface of the body is cover with fine, soft hairs. These fall off and are replaced by others smaller and weaker than the first ones, except over the scalp, the eyebrows and the eyelashes. Later on in life in some situations the hairs become greatly developed, especially those of the beard of man, and about the entrances of the nose and ears in advanced life. The hairs, like the nails, are simply special modifications of the skin; made up of the same materials and like it, subject to many diseases. The skin is made up of cells which are at first deeply situated, soft and spongy in structure, but as they are pushed up toward the surface by the continued formation of new ones, become hard and horny. In most situations the cells of the skin proper become flattened, and after they have served a proper time as a protective to the underlying parts, they fall off and are lost. The cells which compose the hair, on the contrary, become closely attached to the next one above them, and push the old ones before them in the form of a continuous, fibrous column. The lower cells overlap five or six of those in advance, and, as they harden, become practically fused with them.

The essential parts of a hair are the root and shaft. The root is imbedded deep in the general surface of the sk n in a little sack or pocket, into which opens a small gland that furnishes it with a natural "hair oil" that helps to keep it supple. The shaft of each hair is hard and horny externally, but contains within a core of softer, more spongy material, through which no active flu ds from the root are able to find their way, at least during youth and the younger periods of adult life.

The color of the hair depends on the proper color of the hair-cells, the hair pigment (which is the same coloring material as tints the complexion) and the amount of air contained in the shaft. The proper color of the hair-cells, according to its intensity, produces the blonde or deep-red color. The brownish black coloring matter gives all shades of brunette coloration, from pale brown to ebony black. Combinations of the two give all shades between that exhibited by the fairest Saxon and the blackest Ethiopian. What of these colorings? Negroes make the hair gray and transparent, and if there be much air contained in the outer parts of the shaft, combined with deficiency in coloring matter, then the opaque whiteness of old age is produced. Black is the almost universal color, blondes being confined to Germans, Scandinavians, Slavs and Finns, and occasionally among the Armenians and Semites. Red hair is found in individuals of all races.

The shape of the hair varies: in some it is round—in these it remains straight. Those which are oval or flat curl in many different degrees. The native of America, the Polynesians and Malays have the straightest, while the curliest is found among the Bushmen and negroes of Africa. The Indo-European race, or Aryans, have hair taking a middle ground between the extremes. The direction of the hair depends on the part of the root. When it is permitted to grow long the direction may, of course, be changed to some extent.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

ABOUT THISTLES.

A Species of Plant Preceded by Vast Eruptions of Lavish Blossoms.

The thistle pedigree is a long and curious one. The group forms apparently the central and most primitive existing tribe of the composite family and it bears in its own features the visible marks of a vast previous evolutionary history. Starting apparently from blossoms with five distinct and separate yellow petals, like the buttercups, the ancestors of thistlehood gradually progressed, as it seems, by insect selection, to a condition something like that of the harebell or the Canterbury bell, in which the petals have coalesced in their bases into a single large and united tube. Clustering together next into closely serried heads, like those of the scabious, the rampions and the cornsalads, they then underwent a further change for a single disple is fifteen dollars, but when I make several on one face the bill is of course somewhat reduced. It takes about two weeks to make a proper dimple. First, I must get the cuticle in proper condition; then the process of removing a part of the flesh and putting back the skin is accomplished, and that is, of course, the most difficult part of the process. About two weeks more are required to entirely heal the dimple, and during that time the patient must be very careful not to laugh or cry or the dimple may be entirely ruined."

"What kind of people come to me to have dimples made?"

"Every one almost, although you would not think so. I had a lady of forty-five here yesterday and she gave me an order for two dimples, one in the chin and one in the left cheek. She expects, I rather think, that they will aid her matrimonial prospects. Then I had a gentleman last week who paid me fifteen dollars for a dimple in her left cheek. The majority of my patients are, however, young girls and young women between fourteen and twenty-five. I have had three men come to me for dimples, four wanted them in the chin and one in the cheek. Do I ever refuse to make? Well, not very often. I have refused to make d mples for two or three people in Paris because I knew they laugh skins, but Americans are more fortunate in that respect."

When a reporter rose to go a young lady of handsome appearance graced the room. She had auburn hair, a snowy complexion, and would have been pretty but that her blue eyes were shaded by lashes almost white.

"I want to know," she said, "if I could have dark lashes put into my eyelids in place of these."

"Yes, madam, I can do that," said the little dimplemaker, "but it will be a painful operation. The cost? Well, one dollar for each eye-lash. I won't d not attempt to touch the under ones, but you can easily keep them darkened with a little charcoal."

The bargain was made, the young lady agreed to come next day for the operation, and left happy.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Speak of a man's eagle eye, and he'll give you his hand; mention his parrot nose, and he'll give you his fist.—*Portland Advertiser.*

—Were you ever in an engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars: "shut she sued me for breach of promise."

—A professional maxim for lawyers: Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made his fortune by working with a will.

—A maiden lady says that if single life is bad, it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad; but ladies never understand mathematics.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

—Julian Hawthorne says that one day he wrote for twenty-six consecutive hours without pausing or rising from his chair. He must have got up two hours before day.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Judge: "Have you any verdict of "not guilty," Mr. Foreman?" His Honor said admonishingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I am perfectly at home in the water," said an old topper as he plunged into the surf. "That is where you have the advantage over water," was the unfeeling remark of an bystander who knew him.—*Boston Post.*

—Miss Beauty: "That gentleman seems to know you." Miss Highite: "Yes; did you ever see such handsome hair and eyebrows?" Miss Beauty: "Have you never met him?" Miss Highite: "Only at Spirit Lake. I should think he might have been enough to know that summer-resort engagements don't count in town."—*Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.*

—Office boy to editor: "There's a man outside who says he wants to pay some money." Editor: "Did he give his name?" Office boy: "No, sir." Editor: "Well, you find out his name and all about him and what he wants to pay money for, and then come and tell me before you let him in. In the legitimate field of journalism, my boy, the prudent man will always be found on the safe side.—*N. Y. Herald.*

DIMPLES TO ORDER.

A Shop Where Ugly Women are Made Beautiful.

"Every one who desires beauty may possess it to a certain extent in these days of invention, said a curious little man who has a small workshop in one of the side streets up-town, where he carries on a rather peculiar and novel business. Cork-screw curls, finger-tips made to taper, insteps to arch, and my work, that of making dimples and long eyelashes, has added the finishing touches. A handsome face without a dimple is as lost sight to beauty as a potato without salt is lost to taste. I have but recently set up my establishment here, but in the few months of my sojourn have transformed many a plain girl into a dimpled beauty and added eyelashes as long as an inch to the bare edges of the plainest eyelids.

"Is the operation of having an artificial dimple made very painful?" queried a reporter.

"Yes, I should think so, because a piece of the flesh is taken right out of the chin or cheek, and that operation is many times more painful than asking girls to stand the operation without a murmur. when they would scream at the s ght of a mouse, and faint if a spider touched them. I operate with scissors, and the pain of agony for the sake of beauty, and a girl knows that a charming dimple will be the result, is not very great. It is soon over, and will also be a last ng beauty if it is only rightly made.

Just then a timid knock was heard on the door, and in stepped a girl of about twenty, beautiful as Venus, with four or five of the loveliest dimples showing in her rosy cheeks and chin as she smiled prettily at the maker of these charms. Surely she had not come for artificial dimples.

"I wanted to show you how well the dimples were getting on," she said, in a low tone. "You see, at first I thought that they could not possibly amount to much. But now I must be compelled to disagreeable; but now I think they are lovely," and she smiled at her self in the mirror in large mirror opposite, and then smiled again with delight as the dimples came.

The dimple-maker made a careful examination of the dimples, and after paying a bill of one hundred dollars cash the young lady departed.

"How much do you charge to make a dimple?" was asked.

"Well, that depends greatly on the person, whether the skin is tough and hard, or rather easily cut. The lowest charge for a single dimple is fifteen dollars, but when I make several on one face the bill is of course somewhat reduced. It takes about two weeks to make a proper dimple. First, I must get the cuticle in proper condition; then the process of removing a part of the flesh and putting back the skin is accomplished, and that is, of course, the most difficult part of the process. About two weeks more are required to entirely heal the dimple, and during that time the patient must be very careful not to laugh or cry or the dimple may be entirely ruined."

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HOE FOR THE BEST.

Why People Should Look at the Bright and Hopeful Side of Life.

There was never a night so dark that some would not speak of the dawn, and never a day so bright that some would not think of the midnight. It is well that we are enthusiastic or inclined to be conservative, perhaps, on the principle that a little shade improves the tone of almost any picture. It is, however, a thankless mission that th grumbler onhere upon, and a few years ago it was rare owis his own mind and heart more than that of any other. Most of us see enough of the hard side of life, hear enough of its sighs and wearings, its sorrow and animosity, disappointment and d saster in life, without being formally reminded of them. The newspapers that are not good readers when it announces a ship's wreck than when it chronicles a launch. Its column of obituaries is more sought than its column of engagements.

A firm's failure is read by a hundred persons to one who will read of an "opening." And the man who owes one hundred dollars receives more newspaper notoriety than a thousand men who should deposit a hundred thousand dollars each. The natural elasticity of the human mind and heart that keeps the average man hopeful while the sad and evil things are forgotten before they occ rs or are being poured into his ears. There should be a systematic effort on the part of all people to see the bright side, and not the dark side of things. When a majority of business men talk the dark side of finance there is a panic; when a majority of workingmen see the dark side of life there is a season of dep dency. There is too much danger in every direction for any encouragement to be given to native pessimism. Let us see the bright side and call over people's attention to it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—On the northwest corner of Georgia lies the county of Dade. This is known to the neighboring regions as the free State of Dade, for not only is the wild and mountainous character of the region whose few and scattered inhabitants are in keeping with their surroundings, but because during the war of the rebellion they openly seceded from the State of Georgia and the Confederacy and managed to secure a freedom which, says a correspondent of the Washington *Star*, they virtually maintain to-day.

—Governor Hughes, of Arkansas, was recently presented with a cane made from a limb of a tree which was planted in the State house yard at Little Rock twelve years ago by Governor Royston.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Proper names are often difficult to decipher, because of the careless manner in which they are written.

A CHARMING MAIDEN.

When I am wearied with darting pain,
When worn and weary is my brain,
And anguish drives me most insane
With writhings energetic;
Then comes a maiden fair to see,
Surpassed in woe and pain is she,
All listlessness, forlorn is she.
The charming Ann Aesthetic.

Write then sweet odes to charming maids,
Sing lullabies to coquettish jades,
I'll save my choicest serenade
For one more sympathetic.
Who in the hour when wretchedness
Is sore in painfullest excess,
Soothes, charms, relieves, with soft caress,
But Miss Ann Aesthetic?

Your stress fair come not where woe
Convulses with its horrid throe;
In smiley scene, in storm they go,
Like dogmas through the sky.
But, oh, the tender, blissful touch
That soothes with sympathy so over-much,
Serene and efficacious—such
Is matchless Ann Aesthetic.

—*Texas Siftings.*

TWO POSTAL CARDS.

The Leading Part They Played in a Romance.

Friends of the two girls often thought it was a great pity that Mrs. Arbuthnot and her husband had been appointed sole guardians of Jasper Nevins' nieces, with full care of their money as well as of the girls themselves; for Mr. Arbuthnot, though a good, well-meaning man, was as dazy in the acute wife's hands, and all who knew her knew that she was the one thing she worshipped. In her way she liked these girls, whose mother had been her favorite sister, and she gave them a happy home—happy, that is, until the ever-troublesome questitious about lovers began to arise.

Lilias Nevins was but little more than a year older than her sister Minnie, the two were united as twins could have been; rather too much united on one point for the comfort of their Aunt Hettie, as they called Mrs. Arbuthnot, and that was their opinion of Frank Carroll and Felipe Mariscal.

"I do declare Lilias," said Minnie one night after they had retired to their room for the night, "I can not comprehend why aunt Hettie so dotes on Mr. Mariscal; he is as sallow and thin as a man can be; he hasn't two words to say for himself; he is not particularly polite to auntie—why does she like him so much?"

"It is clear enough to me," replied Lilias, "You know Aunt Hettie was really very poor when she was young, and she dreads poverty for us; she honestly thinks she is acting for our good in giving the cold shoulder to Frank Carroll because he is a poor young book-keeper, while this Mariscal has heaps of money and fine estates in Mexico; At first I really did believe that his reputed fortune and position were all humbug; but now that auntie's inquiries have proved him to be all he pretends to be, I am not quite so uncivil to him as I was at first.

"The worst of the affair is that I fear that Mr. Mariscal intends to propose right off. I judge so from a word or two he said to uncle to-night, just before he left us. I heard uncle say: 'If my wife were here she could answer you better than I: I will tell her about it when she returns from the party she has gone to, and she will write you to-morrow.' To what int a proposal could he have referred?"

"Well, I will not marry him!" exclaimed Lilias determinedly. "I'll say 'no' right at the after first: I'll elope with Frank first!"

"If you marry against auntie's wishes remember you forfeit all your share of the money, and Frank is not rich," answered Minnie, warningly.

"Oh, dear, so I do; well, I am in a fix! I mean, let's go to bed and try to dream of some way of softening auntie's heart," said Lilias, wearily, commencing to undress. "Where, I wonder, is auntie? I do believe I left it on the library table, and I am in my bare feet —Minnie do you mind going down for it?"

Not she! Neither of the girls was one bit timid, so Minnie, who had not begun to undress, ran to the library for the needful. She was gone some minutes, and Lilias was just beginning to be alarmed about her when she returned, apologizing for her delay, saying that the evening paper had caught her eye, and she paused long enough to read over the deaths and marriages—just as any girl would.

The next morning Mrs. Arbuthnot said calmly, as if she was saying nothing at all odd:

"I will want you to go into the city with me by-and-by, Lilias, to select some new bonnets and dresses; we may as well begin to prepare for your wedding."

"For my wedding?" gasped Lilias in surprise.

"Certainly; you must know that Mr. Marisco has been serious in his attentions he has been paying to you these last three months; your manner to him has been such that I considered that he and I and everyone else justified in indulging it for granted that you are ready to become his wife. The wedding must take place quite soon, for he told my husband last night that matters concerning his Mexican estates make it necessary for him to return home within a month, and he desires to take his wife with him."

"Really, auntie, I think he might give me a little say in the matter," cried Lilias in vexation: but not another word dare she trod on her foot in a very significant way, and gave her a wink which certainly meant "keep quiet." Lilias understood all that was implied for Minnie, though the younger, had much more discretion and acuteness than impulsive Lilias. Exactly what plan Minnie now had could not well imagine, still she thought she would not spoil it by saying too much.

"Buy your clothes and don't contradict auntie," said Minnie to the deaf-and-dumb alphabet: their aunt was not looking her way.

"You should remember it is not the eus on his country for a young man to speak of his intentions to any girl until her guardians have been consulted and have given their approval to his proposal; so like a well-bred Mexican, he has come to me and obtained my opinion about his suit," replied Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"And of course you can not go back of your word?" suggested Minnie, insinuatingly.

"Most certainly not. I shall abide by what I have written to Mr. Marisco and Frank Carroll; if they are not suited with what I wrote I can not help it. I will abide by my decision, and so I have told your uncle Arbuthnot, so in case I do not get home from my trip to Paris before the very latest date set in my letter, the wedding must go on without me—or else you, Lilias, will be a pauper."

"Lilias is so impulsive, you know, Aunt Hettie, that I do wish you would write that down so she will not forget," suggested Minnie, handing a sheet of paper to Mrs. Arbuthnot, and then withdrawing it, adding: "Suppose I write it and let you sign it, as you say your eyes trouble you to-day?"

"Do so, my dear; my eyes are very bad to-day; but for them I would postpone my journey until later in the season."

So Minnie wrote: "I intend to adhere strictly and literally to the terms in which I yesterday wrote to Mr. Marisal and Frank Carroll: if they are not satisfied with what I wrote I can't help it, I will abide by that decision." And to this Mrs. Arbuthnot appended her name and the date. Somewhat to Mrs. Arbuthnot's surprise, none of the family saw any thing of Mr. Marisal all that day: and she had to start that night for New York, sailing in a few days for Paris, without seeing him again. Early the next morning there came to the house, not Mr. Marisal, but Frank Carroll, who, to Lilias' utter amazement, greeted her as if he were her accepted lover. As soon as she could do so—that is, as soon as she could shake up her mind to do so—she withdrew from his enfolding arms and exclaimed:

"Why Frank! How courageous you are, to venture here in such an assured manner, after what Aunt Hettie wrote to you!"

"Courageous?" he repeated. "I don't understand you: it is because I received her card that I am here now. I must own that I was a little surprised when I read it, though."

"What could she have said to you?" asked Lilias in amazement still.

"Here it is—read it for yourself; I only got it this morning, having been away on business, or I'd have seen you last evening," he answered, handing a postal card to Lilias.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was one of those people who use a postal card for any or all purposes: she had a perfect mania for them, and could not be persuaded not to write letters on any thing but a permanent color.

We have used Ayer's Agua Cure, and have found it invaluable in malarial troubles.

A whip makes the horse go, "money makes the mare go," and a green muskmelon, pickled, makes the mango.

Look Sharp! It is time to begin when your skin breaks out in pimples. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hiram's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

Evelina wants to know what "chestnuts" are. Other people's jokes. Evie, dear. Other people's jokes. — *Somerville Journal.*

An inferior article is dear at any price. Remember this, and buy Frazor Axle Grease

A collector of curiosities wants to get the original with which Adam "opens" the times were painted.—*N. Y. Herald.*

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An exchange tells about a sailor who was tried for assault. He turned out to be one, too.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Rest, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

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Does a man marrying a grass widow live in clover?—*Prairie Farmer.*

A miss-statement—"Go and ask papa."—*Merchant Traveler.*

We often hear that a man is loaded. This is when he goes off on time.

An acorn grows on oaks, an ache corn grows on folks.

A vicious horse is like a nail—no woman can drive it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Bakers are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.

As an ambiguous statement is neither here nor there, where is it?—*Chicago Journal.*

Most men like to see themselves in print, but women don't. They prefer silk or satin.

There is a man of such violent temper that he delights in beating carpets and caning chairs.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"This is my sphere," said a happy wife, patting her bald-headed husband on the pate.

No Words of Ours

Can tell you the benefit you will derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, if you have a run down or debilitated system. It will strain all impurities from the blood, rouse the torpid liver, invigorate the digestive organs, and impart new life to every function of the body. We only ask you to try a single bottle to prove the wonderful merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla as the honest and reliable medicine.

"My daughter received much benefit from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent tonic after a protracted attack of bronchial pneumonia." F. H. Adams, New Hartford, Iowa.

"I can not find words strong enough to express my feeling in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done every thing for me, curing me of dyspepsia from which I suffered for many years." Miss. S. M. Bemis, Marblehead, Illinois.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for a blood purifier in my family for many years, and can not speak too highly of it." J. E. Collins, Piqua, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1: six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, of Hamilton, Ohio, had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was on the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live over four hours. My friend then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

CHAS. S. CRITTENTON, NEW YORK.

FRENCH DECORATIVE ART DESIGNS.

New method of decorating Silks, Satins, Vases, Plaques, Lampshades, etc. Can not be detected from hand painting. Easily learned. Send 2c. stamp for full particulars. HOFFMAN & HITE, 665 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Thing to Be Avoided.

Don't gush. Avoid extremes, and—gush. Don't exaggerate the significance of trifles, don't describe mole hills as mountains. If a raindrop wets your face, don't say the storm was terrible; if a person is polite to you, or does you a favor, don't immediately conclude that he adores you and would die for you; if, on the other hand, he seems somewhat uneffusive, don't infer that he hates and would like to kill you. Appreciate all good things, but don't sentimentalize over them. Don't run when walking would be just as well, and probably better; and don't just pour yourself out when, perhaps, it might be just as well to contain yourself. Gush is doubtless enjoyed by an individual here and there who is himself effusive, but by the world in general it is considered a nuisance of the first to be endured with other afflictions.—*Watchman.*

—A quick-tempered but self-possessed bull got on the railroad track at Madison, Conn., the other day, and wouldn't get off when the locomotive's express came along. This is not the usual chestnut about the bull and the locomotive, for the train stopped more than try conclusions with the animal, and a brakeman was sent to get the bull off the track. He succeeded remarkably well, but the bull was mighty close to his heels as he skipped over the nearest fence.—*Hartford Post.*

—At one of the leading hotels of Elmira, N. Y., the waitress accosted a guest with the query: "What kind of meat will you have, salmon or hot cakes?"

Mr. T. S. Miller, Surgeon-General's office, recommends Red Star Cough Cure, 25 cents.

Dr. R. Butler, M. A., Cambridge University, England, says St. Jacobs Oil acts like magic.

An advertiser in one of the papers says that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers produces in one application a permanent color.

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We often hear that a man is loaded. This is when he goes off on time.

An acorn grows on oaks, an ache corn grows on folks.

A vicious horse is like a nail—no woman can drive it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Bakers are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.

As an ambiguous statement is neither here nor there, where is it?—*Chicago Journal.*

Most men like to see themselves in print, but women don't. They prefer silk or satin.

There is a man of such violent temper that he delights in beating carpets and caning chairs.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

"This is my sphere," said a happy wife, patting her bald-headed husband on the pate.

LOVE OF HOMES.

A Charming Prose Poem by Bill Arp, the Georgia Philosopher.

The love of home is not an art nor an accomplishment. It does not come from early training or education. It is the instinct of humanity. It is the gift of God. It is a pure emotion and brings joy and comfort to the humble and the great. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." No wonder that the simple song of John Howard Payne endeared him to the world, for he well felt its touching, tender truth and wept in sympathetic tear. It is the want of a home that makes tramps and vagabonds and desperate characters. Homeless and friendless a man could well afford to give to every father and mother a house. Besides the love of those who are dear to us there is something in the earth that affects us—something in the familiar scenes, the trees, the fields, the branches, the running spring or the gnarled stump. We love the trees and vines that have borne us fruit or given us shade; the open fire-place that gives us welcome on a winter night; the bed that gives us rest and sleep, and the ever pleasing prospect of the distant hills and mountains that seem as if reaching up to God. Even the domestic animals are conscious of this love of home. "The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea," as they seek their accustomed place. The faithful horse will travel miles and leagues to reach it, and the cat can not be easily weaned from the chimney corner. Man has made use of this never-failing, never-ceasing love of the carrier-pigeon, and it commands our respect and admiration when we see it released from the prison of a distant land and watch it ascend and circle and take its bearings, and then with swift and tireless wing make for its home by the nearest line.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—Our contributors may be prepared to shine in it rature. We are going to burn the contents of our waste-baket.—*Burlington Free Press.*

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and AGUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, for long standing and very obstinate cases more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require more than one bottle to the ordinary size of the human family. You always need one to have it on hand.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 831 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

RRR
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Cures and Prevents
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Frostbites, Chilblains,
quicker than any known remedy. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
will afford instant ease.

Thirty to forty drops in half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all Internal Pains.

Fifty Cents per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.,
Proprietors of Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent and Dr. Radway's Pills.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS,
Specialists for Eleven Years Past,
Have treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; their vegetable remedies relieve the worst cases, and remove all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days.

Their mode of treating dropsy is the best of all physicians.

After the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may say, knowing without knowing anything about it, that it does not cost you anything to try it. We think not; but we will make a proposition for ourself. In ten days the difficulty or cost of writing to us will be fully repaid, if we do not benefit you more than one hundred per cent. Our terms are reasonable, the swelling all or part of the first week will be reduced, sometimes more than good. We are constantly curing cases of long standing, which have undergone a number of tappings, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Give us a trial. Don't delay. Name sex, how long afflicted, what treatment, if any, has been received, and when, are bowels active, have you had a chill, and if so, when? Enclose ten cents in stamps to pay postage, and we will send you a trial bottle free. Ten days' treatment furnished free by mail.

We guarantee to cure Dropsy in all its forms.

If you order trial send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. Address DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Box 2288, Atlanta, Ga.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
DR. SANFORD'S
LIVER
INVIGORATOR
Is a Reliable Remedy for Liver Complaint and diseased conditions of the Liver, as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Malaria, Blood poisons, Piles, Female Complaints, &c.

AN INVALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.
THE UNIVERSAL testimonials prove its merit.
ASK DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH CURES COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE
ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
HAY-FEVER
For 15 years I was afflicted with catarrh, severe pain in my head, discharges into my throat and nasty breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. I have overcome the catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm.—J. B. Todd, 604 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

ASK FOR THE
W. L. DOUGLAS
$3. SHOE
SIN STITCHED BEST RIB
BEST CALF
BEST TANNERY CALF
BOTTOM SEWED
Best material, perfect fit, equals any $5 or $6 shoe every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe. Warranted." Congress Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas $2.00 Shoe. Same styles as above. If you cannot get them shoe from local dealer, send postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

THE NEW DEPARTURE DRUMS
are made with patent double acting rods and
NEW DEPARTURE
DRUM CO.
BRISTOL, CONN.
substantial and handsome. Used in the best bands and Orchestras. Unequaled for tone, workmanship and finish and appearance. If dealer in your town does not keep them, write to us for illustrated catalogue.
LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Ill.

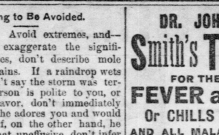
JONES
OF
PAYS the FREIGHT
5 Ton Wagon Scales,
Iron Levers, Steel Pivots, Brass Bearings, Steel Beam and Box complete for
$60.
Every size made. For free price list and testimonials address
JONES of BINGHAMTON,
BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

WANTED A WOMAN
of energy for business in her locality. Salary $60. References, J. J. Johnson, Newport, Ky. Enclose stamp.

CHAMPION HAY PRESSES
Lead the World. Send for Catalogue.
MANUFACTURED BY CHAMPION HAY PRESS CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio

A BOON TO WOMEN



A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.
Mrs. F. Oats, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "When I was taken sick I could get Dr. Pierce's Prescription one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, and I could go to the mail-box and ride two miles to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk from my house to the door-yard for months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles; my neighbors were all surprised to see me up and about and helping to do my housework, after doctoring with thirteen of the best physicians we could get —and the last one told my husband that I would never be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Female Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN.
Mrs. F. E. Wilcox, *Friendship, N. Y.*, writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with pain in the lower part of my back, which grew across the small of my back and pit of the stomach. Have bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS.
Rev. Sidney C. Davis, *Gallen, Michigan*, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to speak a few words for my wife and Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in both of us by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began taking them, in January last, she could not endure the least air, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two and three blocks away, and not feel the injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for two years, it has been more than marvelous. And I am pleased to say that Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

BED-FAST FOR MONTHS.

DOCTORS FAIL.
"Female Weakness" Cured.—Mrs. Sarah A. Lovett, *Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa*, writes: "I had been sick M. D. for four years, having been ill a number of years, and having tried in vain almost every thing recommended for my disease. I had used nearly a hundred dollars to our local physicians, without benefit, when I finally decided to write to you and used me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Advisor,' six bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' When I had taken them all I could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; while in six months I was completely cured, and my health has remained perfect ever since. I recommend you and your medicines wherever I go, and loan your 'Advisor' to my friends. Two of whom have been cured by the medicines who have read your great work 'The People's Common Sense Medical Advisor,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

"DO LIKEWISE."
Mrs. F. F. Morgan, of *Nonesuch, Lincoln Co., Montana, Terr.*, writes: "I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I began to feel completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty walk across the floor. I wrote a letter stating my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been ruined, and offering to send any amount I could afford to pay me for them, *and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I received, in due time, four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment I considered necessary. I commenced using Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' and had not taken more than two bottles before I felt like a new woman. I took six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four bottles of your 'Golden Medical Advisor,' and had gained in flesh, health, and strength, and was well and strong."

A THOUSAND THANKS.
Mrs. Caroline Byers, *corner Duke and Argyle Streets, Halifax, N. S.*, writes: "Dear Sir:—Please send me, by return mail, one dozen bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' for which I inclose you the money. I have used your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken, and that I would thank you a thousand times, for the relief that your valuable medicines, the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' have given me. I have been troubled with a severe female complaint for four years, and had tried medicine after medicine, which, instead of helping me, only made me worse. I had given up all hope of ever getting well, when I saw your advertisement in the *Halifax Herald*, and thought I would write you. I received your reply, and followed your directions, and before I had taken one bottle of your 'Favorite Prescription' I felt like a new woman. I have taken in all six bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and I feel like a well woman. I have not had a sick day since I commenced taking your medicines. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

DOCTOR'S MISTAKE.
Mrs. Henry Patterson, of *New York City*, writes: "I had been under an eminent physician's care for a long time, who pronounced my trouble to be called 'spinal disease.' I became worse during all this time, and finally gave up in despair. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser at the residence of a friend, I was induced to write him concerning my disease. I soon became convinced that my disease was a uterine affection, which, he assured me, could be cured by advice, inward fever, nervousness, and general debility. I commenced to use Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' applying also the local treatment which he recommends in the *Adviser*, and in three months I was well and strong."

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best strengthening cordial and restorative tonic.

NOT A "CURE-ALL."
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, yet safe remedy as well as uterine tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures nausea and weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, eructations of gas, nervous prostration or hysteria, debility and kindred symptoms. In fact, in every derangement, irregularity or peculiarity of either sex, it is unequaled. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. For conditions, see wrapper around bottle. Price Reduced to $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which over fifty pages are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women. Illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates. It will be sent, paper-bound, on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps. A large, illustrated, bound volume, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE.
G. W. Lutz, *Trudhoume, La.*, writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of fever, and ague. My appetite was poor, tongue coated, etc., sometimes diarrhœa, pain in the back of the head, and limbs and muscles all the bones, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights

PRICES TO SUIT THE POOREST OF OUR PEOPLE!

THE OLD RELIABLE FIRM, **DAY + BROS.** OF FROZEN CREEK, KY.,

Have just purchased, and are now receiving the Finest Lot of Stylish and Seasonable Goods of all kinds, such as **Dress Goods, Millinery, Notions, Clothing, BOOTS & SHOES, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Queensware, Drugs,** &c., &c., which will be sold low down to cash buyers and prompt short time customers. No such bargains were ever before heard of in Breathitt, and it will pay everybody in the county to buy of us. Citizens of Jackson especially invited.

A POINTER---To get our very lowest prices---and we will positively astonish you in low prices on every class of goods---be sure to say you saw this advertisement.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

One Dollar a Year, Always in Advance.

SPENCER COOPER, : : EDITOR.

Democratic Ticket.

For Congress—Tenth District,
HON. WM. PRESTON TAULBEE,
Of Magoffin County.

For Board of Equalization,
ALFRED COMBS, of Menifee County.

Republican Ticket.

For Congress—Tenth District,
CAPT. WM. L. HURST,
Of Wolfe County.

For Board of Equalization,
ELIJAH PATRICK, of Magoffin County.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.:

WEDNESDAY..............OCT. 20, 1886.

It has been claimed that the U. S. Marshals should be censured for their officiousness in taking innocent people before the U. S. Court, but it now seems that the officers only do their sworn duty in the premises, and that they arrest only those who have had warrants issued against them. The people who trump up charges against innocent men, women, and sometimes even children, for the sake of stealing witness fees and mileage from the U. S. treasury are the ones to whom the blame should attach. In several instances it appears that persons have been arrested and taken there when there is no foundation whatever for such a procedure. The only solution of this is that unscrupulous people, not in the revenue service, resort to this means to rob the treasury and gratify their greed. The practice is disgraceful and should be stopped. An informer is, at best, by no means the best citizen, and when innocent people are made to suffer by the nefarious practice, it is the informer who is the degraded party, and not the party informed upon. There should be a penalty attached to giving false information similar to that for perjury, and there would then be fewer innocent people imposed upon.

Again a cynical cur who reports for the Louisville Commercial has been guilty of piling epithets up against our citizens, or one of them at least, and by the way, his native wit proved him to be sharper than the Court and court officials. The Commercial has done some good work for Eastern Kentucky, and it looks very silly in the managers to allow a rakish reporter to undo the good it has done, but this will certainly be the result unless the slang-slinger referred to is squelched. The very case of which he writes, (we publish the article elewhere) should be conclusive evidence that the people of the mountains are endowed wit h a superior native intellect, and should be inviolate from such insidious insults. Such invidiousness will provoke the hatred of our most intelligent people to Louisville, and if that city cares for the trade of this section, the papers there should "look a leedle oud" and the merchants advertise in THE HERALD.

The terrible storm which swept through Texas and along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico on Tuesday of the last week did great damage in that section. The town of Sabine Pass was totally destroyed by the rising water of the Sabine River. There are known to be sixty-five lives lost. During the overflow, a hotel with fifteen or twenty people in it was swept out into the bay and every one of the inmates drowned. Not a house is left in the whole country, and everything living there was drowned.

The press of the State, in naming candidates for Governor at our next State election, has so far failed to name a man who is the peer of our candidate—Hon. John T. Hazelrigg, of West Liberty—and we incline to the opinion that much printers' ink will be wasted before they succeed in doing so. He is so far the best man named, and we defy the entire State press to name a man so well qualified for the place. In the meantime, we shall insist that he make the race.

It is generally conceded in political circles that Blaine and Cleveland will be the presidential candidates at the next election, and it is predicted that the race will then be even closer than the last contest. With the one running without "rum, romanism and rebellion" and the other not handicapped with Halpin and her hair-pins, the event is sure to be exciting. They will both run well.

Our readers should be careful of handling silver certificates of the denomination of $10. Chicago and the Northwest have been flooded with spurious notes, and some of them may find their way to this section.

Some twenty-five persons were seriously injured by a party of roughs calling themselves "Kenedy heelers" at Belfontaine, Ohio, one day last week.

Terrance Powderly, of Pennsylvania, has again been elected Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor in the United States, and the people of Pennsylvania may as well prepare to inaugurate him as the next Governor of that Commonwealth. He is the coming man, and that State will not suffer in consequence.

Disease lies in ambush for the weak; a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere and sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims; Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will give tone and vitality and strength to your entire body. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Reduction of Expenditures by the Present Administration.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 11.—This is the busy season in the Departments at Washington. The heads of divisions, the chiefs of bureaux and the Cabinet officers are preparing their annual reports. The President is writing his message. The Governmental history of the year must be epitomized, the balance sheet must be struck off and the chief executive must suggest by way of recommendation, the measures he will sanction, provided they receive the approval of legislation. All the members of the Cabinet, except the Secretary of State, have returned. Mr. Bayard was shrewd enough to postpone his vacation until autumn and is now resting away from the city during the season which, in Washington, is most trying to the corpus humanis.

Extracts from the reports of various Government officials prove by irrefutable figures that the present administation has saved the Government millions of dollars. That the public offices are better kept and that public work is better done is not so susceptible of mathematical demonstration; but it is a fact patent to every one acquainted with the public service. During the past two weeks over five hundred useless employes have been discharged from the Government Printing Office alone. Notwithstanding this great decrease in the force, the work of the office has not been at all impeded. The public land commissioner, General Sparks, says in his annual report, "The development of the past year under the agencies of the new administration have justified evey word said in my report for last year in regard to widespread persistent land robbery." The report states that the total area over which fences have been or are to be removed either with or without resort to the courts is 2,714,926 acres, mostly in Colorado. The recommendation for additional force of not less than one hundred special agents is renewed, as it is also that in regard to adequate means for protecting the timber on the public lands. About 175,000 acres of land have been restored for public settlement; 1,485 cases, involving 225,000 acres, have been held for cancellation.

President Cleveland is more sparing than any of his predecessors were of the appropriation made by Congress for the contingent expenses of the White House. The contingent fund covers stationary, telegrams, books for library, purchase of new carpets and furniture, cost of keeping carrirge and horses, etc. The appropriation for Grant's last Presidential year was only $6,000 and Grant spent every cent. Hays, at the end of his first year in the White House had an unexpended ballance of 19 cents out of a contingent fund of 7,000. For his last year he had a contingent fund of $10,000 out of which he saved $39. Arthur managed to save only $6,86 out of the $10,000 contingent fund of his first year, and that was the largest balance he had on hand at the end of any year while he was the occupant of the White House. Mr. Cleveland saved $3,348.81 during his first year out of a contingent fund of $8,000.

Without an act of Congress the Secretary of the Navy cannot abolish a bureau or organize one. But he can distribute the work and transfer some of it from one bureau to another. One of the main features of Secretary Whitney's plan of reorganization, as submitted by him to Congress, would be a bureau of supplies, that is, a bureau which would do all the purchasing for the entire Navy Department. Another would be to amalgamate several bureaux so that every care involved in the construction of ships would be confided to a single bureau instead of being distributed over four bureaux, as at present. Instead eight bureaux acting separately and independently, he would have four bureaux, with a central council. At present each bureau advertises separately for, and separately purchases whatever it wants. Each, for instance, goes to market separately for coal, the ice, the timber, the stationery it wants. This plan results in unnecessary advertising and in the higher prices charged for smaller purchases. During the last year Mr. Whitney has had his own office purchase the coal, the ice, the stationery for all the bureaux with the result, as an experienced official estimates, of a saving of $30,000 on these articles alone. The plan of concentrating the purchasing power may be located in some one of the bureaux now existing. It is not likely that Secretary Whitney will have all the purchasing done by his office.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by all druggists.

A Moonshiner on the Jury.

He was a gander-legged, hollow-chested, hump-backed, weak-eyed, sweet-voiced and odorous mountaineer. He was not handsome, and would scarcely be selected from among a large crowd as a sample of average intelligence. But he hadn't run a moonshine distillery and played hide and seek among the scrub pines and buckthorn bushes of his native heath with reckless United States Deputy Marshals for nothing. He knew a thing or two, and he calculated that he could have a quiet picnic with the United States Court if he chose and not half try. His name is Smith, and he very nearly succeeded. There are on one of the juries in the United States Court, now in session, two gentlemen who would probably answer "here" simultaneously if "Mr. Smith" were called by the crier of the court. Therefore the plan of Mr. Moonshiner Smith was comparatively easy of execution. One of the Jury Smiths strolled out into the corridor while waiting for his jury to be called. He got out of ear-shot just when he should have been on hand, so Moonshiner Smith placidly took Juror Smith's place and answered "here" in an unassuming, but quietly assured, tone when his name was called. The case went on, the evidence was all in and the jury retired to its room. Presently it returned, having made up its mind upon the case, Moonshiner Smith answered, "We are," when His Honor, the Judge, asked them: "Gentlemen, are you all agreed?" It was just at this point that the clerk noticed a strange incompatibility in the appearance of Moonshiner alias Juror Smith. He didn't look at all like the same Smith, who had shown up in the same capacity a few hours previously. There was a ruminative, philosophic, anti-internal revenue air about this Smith that was entirely absent from the demeanor of the other Smith. An investigation revealed the facts, and Moonshiner Smith was quickly and gently but incontinently fired from his self-assumed position while the genuine Juror Smith was sought for and discovered among the gang of moonshiners in the hall. He was filling the vacant place of Moonshiner Smith. The verdict of the jury on which Moonshiner Smith had served his brief but effective term was "Not guilty as charged." The case will be tried again.—Louisville Commercial.

Dont't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at all Drug Stores.

Three Children Bitten to Death.

A dispatch says: A sad and horrible story of how three little children met their death comes from Covington county, Ala. The children of a respectable family, ranging from two to six years old, went out Sunday afternoon to play near the house. A large pine tree had blown down, and they were playing around the hole made by the roots of the tree being torn up. The evening passed, and at night the children were missed. The parents instituted search and found them lying near the roots of the fallen tree. The younger ones were dead, and the eldest was in a dying condition. Upon investigation it was found that the children had all been bitten by a rattlesnake, which had made its den under the roots of the tree. Their bodies were terribly swollen, and looked as if they had been bitten in several different places. The eldest died during the night and the three little innocents were buried together.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists.

Few people have any idea of the extent of the oleomargarine business. The new law taxing the article goes into effect on the 2d of November next. The Collector of the Leavenworth, Kan., District reports that the Armour Packing Company at Kansas City, Mo., will manufacture nearly five million pounds of oleomargarine the coming year and pay a tax of from $80,000 to $100,000. Another company in that district, the Fowler Brothers, will do quite as large a business. Besides these there are four or five more of the smaller establishments.

Imperfect digestion and assimilation produce disordered conditions of the system which grow and are confirmed by neglect, Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its tonic properties, cures indigestion and gives tone to the stomach.. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Sawngo, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

All of Mr. Tilden's surviving relatives have consented to abide the provisions of his will except two nephews, who have the matter under advisement. Both are dissatisfied with its provisions, but fear to contest it because of the clause in the instrument that deprives any legatee of his bequest if the legatee should attempt to defeat the desires of the testator as expressed in his will.

Old people suffer much from disorders of the urinary organs, and are always gratified at the wonderful effects of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm in banishing their troubles. $1.00 per bottle. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

For sick headache, female troubles, neuralgic pains in the head take Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25 cents a vial. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green, and J. N. Vaughn, Campton.

FOR SALE.—The farm upon which I live, 6 miles from Mt. Sterling and near Camargo, Montgomery county, containing **500 ACRES**, Price $16,000, in three equal payments; 8-12ths of 5000 ACRES in Menifee and Powell counties and on both sides of Red River—coal and timber land; Price $3 per acre—Cash. There is Pine and Poplar Timber enough on the entire tract to bring at 10 cents per 100 feet $10 per acre. 100 ACRES Woodland on the road from Levee to Ticktown. I will sell either piece or all. Come and see me, as I am determined to sell.

JNO. JAY ANDERSON,
Sept. 29-5t. Camargo, Ky.

Be Warned

in time. Kidney diseases may be prevented by purifying, renewing, and invigorating the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When, through debility, the action of the kidneys is perverted, these organs rob the blood of its needed constituent, albumen, which is passed off in the urine, while worn out matter, which they should carry off from the blood, is allowed to remain. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the kidneys are restored to proper action, and Albuminuria, or

Bright's Disease

is prevented. Ayer's Sarsaparilla also prevents inflammation of the kidneys, and other disorders of these organs. Mrs. Jas. W. Weld, Forest Hill st., Jamaica Plain, Mass., writes: "I have had a complication of diseases, but my greatest trouble has been with my kidneys. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla made me feel like a new person; as well and strong as ever." W. M. McDonald, 46 Summer st., Boston, Mass., had been troubled for years with Kidney Complaint. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, he not only

Prevented

the disease from assuming a fatal form, but was restored to perfect health. John McLellan, cor. Bridge and Third sts., Lowell, Mass., writes: "For several years I suffered from Dyspepsia and Kidney Complaint, the latter being so severe at times that I could scarcely attend to my work. My appetite was poor, and I was much emaciated; but by using

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

my appetite and digestion improved, and my health has been perfectly restored."

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should be your crowning glory. Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the vitality and color of youth to hair that has become thin and faded; and, where the glands are not decayed or absorbed, will cause a new growth on bald heads.

MAY the youthful color and vigor of the hair be preserved to old age? Read the following, from Mrs. G. Norton, Somerville, Mass.: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past 30 years; and, although I am upwards of 60, my hair is as abundant and glossy to-day as when I was 25."

BE assured, that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor will convince you of its powers. Mrs. M. E. Goff, Leadville, Col., writes: "Two years ago, my hair having almost entirely fallen out, I commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. To-day my hair is 29 inches long, fine, strong, and healthy."

RENEWED and strengthened by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair regains its youthful color and vitality. Rev. H. P. Williamson, Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the last ten years. It is an excellent preservative."

BY the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor, Geo. A. Dadman, Waterloo, Mo., had his hair restored to its original healthy condition. He was nearly bald, and very gray. He writes: "Only four bottles of the Vigor were required to restore my hair to its youthful color and quantity."

USING Ayer's Hair Vigor cures diseases of the scalp. F. H. Foster, Princeton, Ind., writes: "I had been troubled for years with a disease of the scalp; my head was covered with dandruff, and the hair dry and harsh. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave me immediate relief, cleansed the scalp, and rendered the hair soft and pliable."

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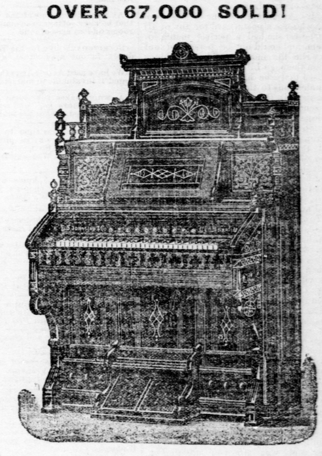

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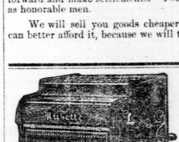

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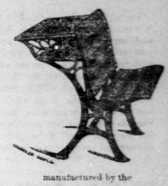

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